

MARVEL

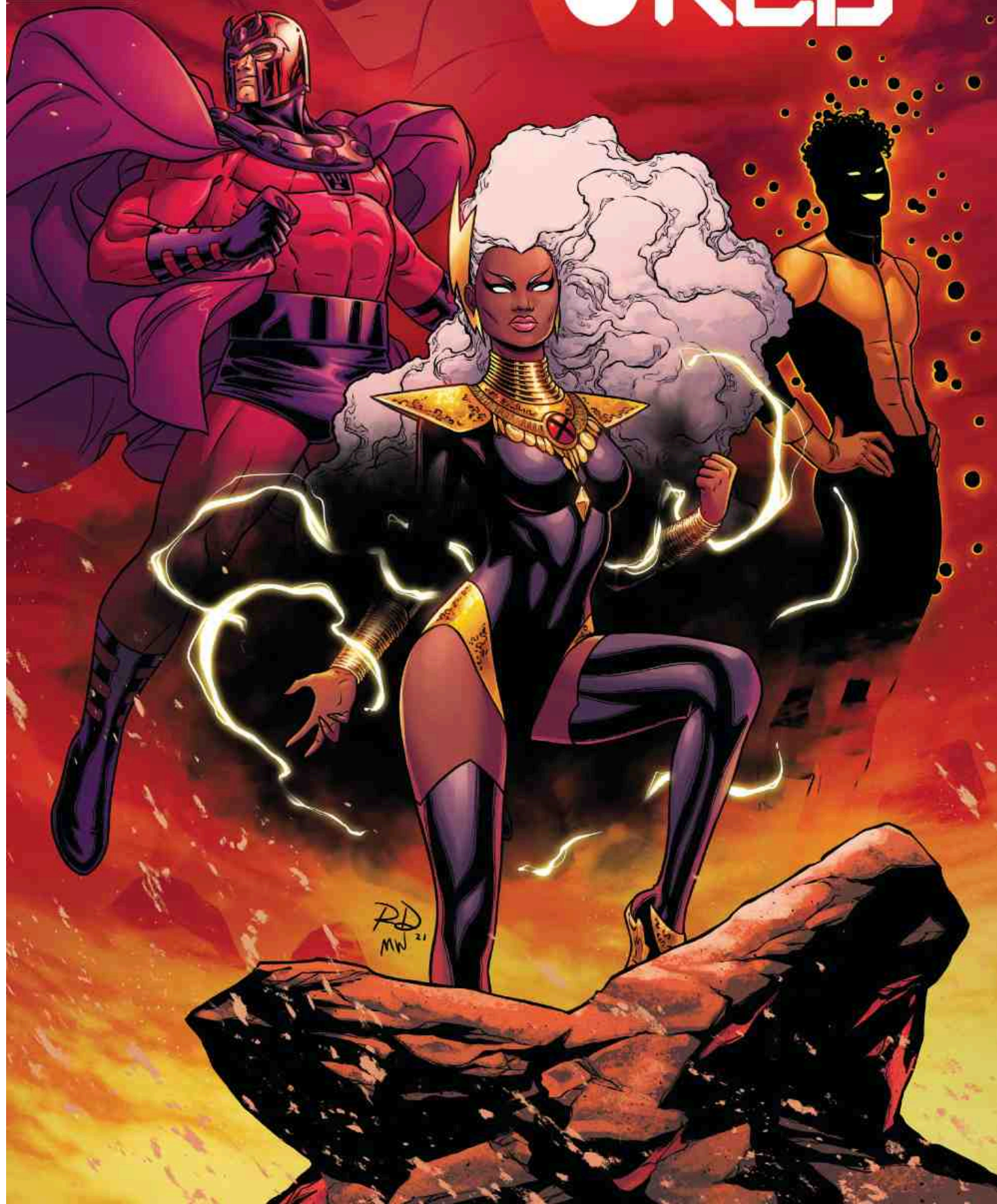
[dest_]
[_iny_]
[_of_X]



001

EWING
CASELLI
BLEE

X-MEN RED



JUST BEFORE THE
FIRST HELLFIRE GALA.
WHEN ARAKKO WAS
STILL AN ISLAND.

NAMELESS.
THE SHAPE-SHIFTER QUEEN.

HOLDER OF THE SEAT
OF ALL-AROUND-US.
REGENT OF ARAKKO.

I!
AMM!
YUU!

DEFENDING HER
TITLE IN THE
CIRCLE PERILOUS.







NOW YUU
ARR TAYNTED BY
THE WORLD.

SEDUSSSED
BY POWRR!

BY
CROUNS NND
THROWS!



BUT
ARAKKO DUZ NOT
BELONGNG TU YUU,
OR-OR-O!

YUU DID
NOTT SUPFR IN THE
PRIZONS! YUU SHEDD
NO BLUDD ON THE
BATTELFELD!



YUU
WERR NOTT
THERR!



I was
fighting battles
you know nothing of.
Living a past you stole
the wrong face
from.

For
if you have
youth, Regent
Without A
Name...



...I have experience.

Enough to freeze your fluid flesh. To chill your blood until it no longer responds.



You're right that I have no desire to kill you-- but you cannot defeat me.

So yield-- and let me take your seat.

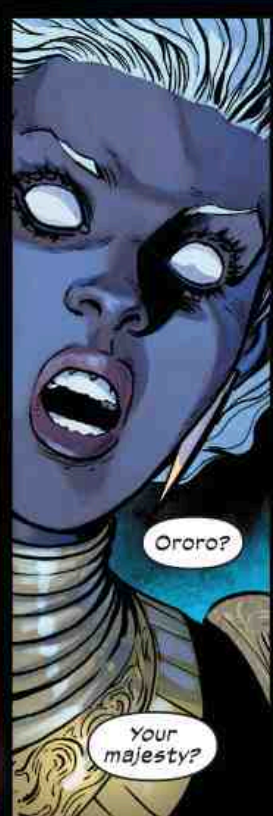


ARAKKO... IS NOTT... YURRS. YUU WERE... NOTT THERR.

YUU... WANN T U BEE... OV ARAKKO?



KNOWW THE COSST.



Ororo?

Your majesty?

THREE DAYS AGO.

THE GREAT RING OF ARAKKO.

Apologies.

I was lost
in thought.

No
doubt weighing
the decision we
are all about
to take.

Our
future... It will be
war or peace. A return
to *Amenth*--to destroy
our ancient enemies, as
the law of Genesis
demands--

--or a
new beginning,
here on this new
planet.

I suspect the
final responsibility
will be in your hands,
oh Queen of
Arakko.

Regent
of Arakko.

We are
a council, Isca.
The decision should
not be mine
alone.

Oh?
Would that not
please you? After
you went to such
trouble?

Isn't
your throne
comfortable,
oh Voice of
Sol?

Isn't
this what you
wanted?



X-MEN RED

WHO CAN SAVE THE RED PLANET?

The mutants have successfully terraformed Mars, dubbing the planet anew as Arakko, and populating it with a mix of mutants from Krakoa and Amenth. Storm sits as the Regent of Sol on the Great Ring, the main governing body of Arakko, but the new outpost has a long way to go before the two disparate mutant cultures can thrive as one.



[STORM]



[MAGNETO]



[SUNSPOT]



[THUNDERBIRD]



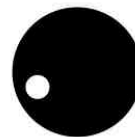
[BRAND]



[CABLE]



[VULCAN]



01

Al Ewing/Writer
Stefano Caselli/Artist
Federico Blee/Color Artist
VC's Ariana Maher/Letterer & Production
Tom Muller w/Jay Bowen/Design

Russell Dauterman & Matthew Wilson/Cover Artists

Lauren Amaro/Assistant Editor
Jordan D. White/Editor
C.B. Cebulski/Editor in Chief

Javier Garrón & Jesus Aburtov [Promo]; Taurin Clarke [Arakko]; David Lopez; Taurin Clarke [Destiny of X Teaser]; Peach Momoko; Christian Ward; Tom Muller [Design]/Variant Cover Artists

X-MEN created by Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

© 2022 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.



NOW.



THE PLANET
ARAKKO.



ONCE KNOWN
AS MARS.



Excuse
me?
Is
this land
yours?



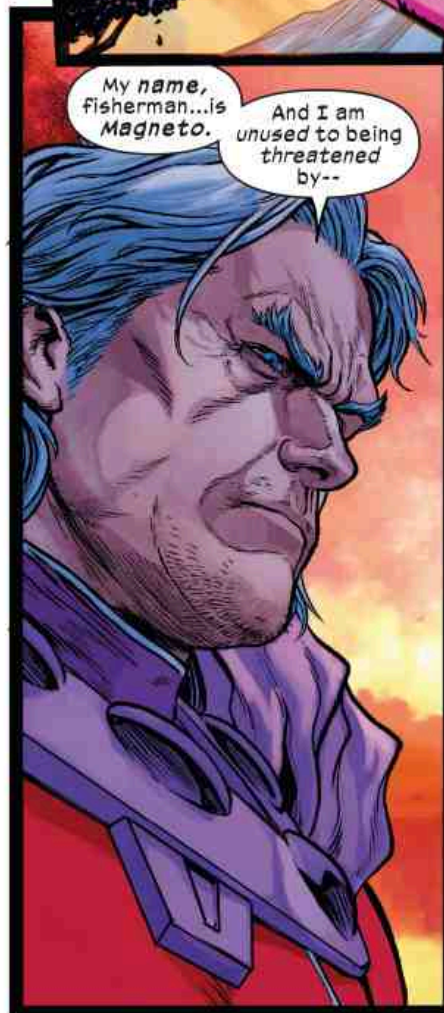
Speak sense.
It's everybody's.
That's how land
works.

I'm walking
on it. You can
too if you'd like,
though it seems
you're fine
without.



But if you
want it *just* for you
to walk on, Silverhair...
well, then we've a
problem.

Do we have
a problem?



My name,
fisherman...is
Magneto.

And I am
unused to being
threatened by--



I'm
sorry.
It's
Max.
My
name is
Max.



This island continent seems...*secluded*. I was hoping to build a home here.

This can be that, if you keep an open door.

And if you're not one for crowds... well, there's *me* here, but not many else. Most like the mainland--less travels to get a where.

If *alone's* what you need, here you can find it.



Good.

That's good.



... you want to talk about it?



I thought Arakko frowned on weakness...

Hah! You Krakoans think a lot about us. And know a little.

Speaking pain's weak, is it? How's that sense, Max?



How can you be strong if you won't heal what's broken? How do you heal without saying where it hurts?

Say it, then.

Speak the pain aloud.



... what's there to say?



I tried to build something, fisherman.



A great work. *The* great work.

A dream of something perfect.



Something to balance all I'd lived through...



...all I'd lost.



But when I tried to wrestle my dream into the world--

--to make it real--



--it broke apart. Shattered to pieces.

And they cut me to the heart.



... There are those who see me as a monster. And I can pretend they never knew me.

That they were not there.



But if they see me as a fool--as a failure-- what can I say to that?

What can I say to the truth?



There's nothing to say. Nothing in me. Nothing left.

What you see here?

This latest great work I've embarked on?



A comfortable grave for me to die in.

No more than that.

THE AUTUMN PALACE.

PORT PROMETHEUS
SPACEPORT.

See,
this is a nice
place.

The Red
Lagoon...it's a start,
you know? A nice little
investment.

But at the end of the
day, it's a spaceport bar.
I need somewhere with
acoustics. This planet
needs a party
palace.

I want to
be the David
Mancuso of
Mars...

Planet
Arakko.

And
I have no
idea who
that is.

Arguably, he
helped make the
dance floor what it is
today. Ever danced
to disco, Kobak
Never-Held?

I have
never danced to
disco, Roberto
Da Costa.

I was born as the final
siege raged, over a century
past. My first love died
in the prisons.

His
name was
Tarlo.

We thought against
the Vile--and when
they came for us,
he took it on
himself.

I wept
for a year. I've
shed no tear
since.

...
My first
love was named
Juliana.



She loved me against all odds. Saw something in me I'd not yet seen in myself.

Then she died to save my life.

So I live.



Here's to the business of living, Kobak Never-Held.

To your pain and mine, Roberto.

I see you--and you've a place in the broken land.



Which is great, obviously--but I need to know if Nile Rodgers has a place in the--

Don't you know who I am?

Eh?



I--I have diplomatic immunity, Sir, granted by the Regent of Arakko herself. The immunity protocol was voted through by the Great Ring.

While in the Diplomatic Zone, I--I am immune to challenge--

Immune to...? Do you think me Arakkii?

Am I already forgotten?

Sir, please-- Shi'ar d-diplomacy demands c-certain-- certain vagaries in what can officially be recalled--



Your--
your face is
familiar, I admit,
but--

Aaahhh!

Because
I am him! The
one you fear
and adore!

I am
Vulcan!



I led the Shi'ar Empire
to true greatness! I am
Fire--and I never
died!

I NEVER
DIED!



I heard how Gladiator
usurped my throne. How
he gave it to Lilandra's
line--to Xandra
Xavier.

But it
wasn't his to
give-- because
I NEVER
DIED--

P-please!



Yesss. Beg
for indulgence
from your king.
That's good.

Perhaps...
perhaps it was
fate. I am a
Summers...



...and every
Summers must
kill his Xavier.
In the--

Okay.

The
name's Da
Costa. Roberto
Da Costa. This
is my bar.

And I don't
like shenanigans
in my bar--at least,
not ones I didn't
start.



So, is this what we'd call a *shenanigan*, Mr. Summers?

Da Costa. I've heard of you.

You own the Red Lagoon?



Step one of my larger plan. Between you and me, I'm thinking Arakko is the place for a major *disco* resurgence.

I'm not even joking.

Anyway-- that makes that nice young gentleman a *customer*.

And 'round here, the customer is...

...King...?

King. Yes.

I've heard of you, *Sunspot*. You're powered by solar energy, like me.

But I don't have to take mine from the sun...



...when I can take it from YOU!

Energy construct fist. Not bad.



But I've fought without powers before--

Have you?



How did that work out?



Ugh. A weapon-thief.

Can't fight a fair challenge...

You-- you have powers too--you have to do something--help your friend--



Help Roberto? In a one-on-one fight?

I'm not going to insult a man I've only just met.



Look at you. Who are you? With your human suit, your human money, your human bar--what are you doing on the mutant planet?

I know why I'm here. I am a king--the fire of empires.



And I am a Summers. Krakoa royalty...



...Eh?

You're a Summers, huh?

You know Cyclops?

He's my brother.

Can I...help you with something...?



Sure.



You can tell your brother I said go himself.

I--I know you.
John Proudstar--
Thunderbird.

One of
the also-rans
who left me on
Krakoa to die--

Thought you
were Krakoan
royalty?

Whatever.
Sorry I didn't
catch you last
time, big
man--

--I'd
have snapped
your pencil neck
when I had the
chance!

KRAK

BOOOO!

No help, no
hindrance!

It's not
your challenge,
Krakoan!

Who are
you calling
Krakoan--

That'll do,
Proudstar.



You've made your point.

Abigail Brand, S.W.O.R.D. Commander. We got word an Earth mutant was threatening Shi'ar dignitaries in the Diplomatic Zone.

That makes it my business.



Then I guess I took care of your business, lady.

I--I will become a sun before you--I will burn this world--



--unhhh...

Don't mind me, Uncle Gabe. I'm just telekinetically blocking your carotid artery for a second.

Sleep easy.



He's getting worse. All the Shi'ar in town...that thing with Petra and Sway...

What thing?

It's a long story. He's not welcome at the Summer House--but even so, maybe Dad can get through to him.



...No. Let's bring him up to S.W.O.R.D. Station Two.

I think what he needs is some useful work.

What?



You want to give this creep a job? If I hadn't taken him out--

We'd have resolved the situation *peacefully*. And with a lot less damage.

You need to start watching your temper, Proudstar. It's gotten you killed once...



That a threat, Scarface? You wanna back it up?

There you go again. Misplaced aggression.

You could learn a lot from your brother--



YOU.



... Excuse me?



You got metal ears too? I said **you**, you. You, Frost, Xavier--all you vultures.

I'm proud of Jimmy. Proud of what he made of himself.

But do you really think I'd have let you turn him into your *soldier* if I'd been there to stop you?

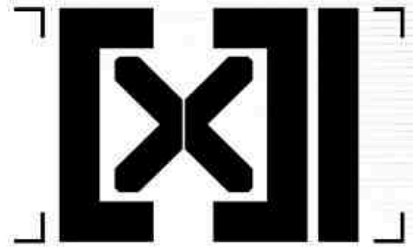


But you weren't there, were you, John? Not for James. Not for anyone.

You had better things to do.

You had a plane to catch.





THE NINE SEATS OF THE GREAT RING, AND HOW THEY VOTED

THE VOTE WAS FOR THE ARAKKII TO RETURN TO AMENTH AND FACE THE DEMONS ALONGSIDE GENESIS, OR TO REMAIN ON THE NEW PLANET ARAKKO AND BUILD A NEW LIFE.

TO MAKE WAR OR TO MAKE PEACE.

ISCA THE UNBEATEN SITS IN THE SEAT OF VICTORY.

Isca has never lost. Isca cannot lose. Millennia of endless life and endless victory have made her jaded, sharp and cruel. Genesis went to Amenth with all her family bar Isca, and there is a reason for that, for Isca will always be on the winning side -- and so can never be trusted. **She will be the hero of her own story even as she stabs you in the back.**

ISCA ABSTAINED FROM THE VOTE.

IDYLL SITS IN THE SEAT OF STALEMATE.

Idyll sits in silence, giving no prophecy since Tarn cut out her tongue. But she knows all that is coming. She knows which way the vote will go, and the terrible things Arakko will endure as a result. She knows the day, hour and minute of her death. She knows which of the Great Ring will kill her. **She waits for the stalemate to end.**

IDYLL VOTED FOR WAR.

TARN THE UNCARING SITS IN THE SEAT OF LOSS.

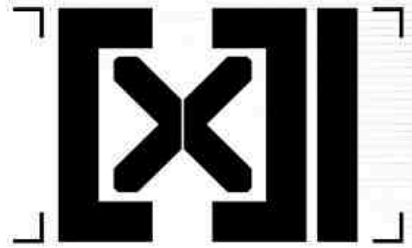
Tarn is an apt choice for the seat of loss -- for he was the Great Genomic Mage of the Vile Schools when they brought the Ten Towers low and raised the Abyssal Prisons in their place. That Tarn holds a seat on the Great Ring -- despite the endless attempts to remove him -- is a grotesque insult to all who endured his tortures rather than bend their knee to Annihilation. **And that is why Tarn took it in the first place.**

TARN VOTED FOR WAR.

LACTUCA SITS IN THE SEAT OF ABOVE-US.

Lactuca is the Knower -- the Omega Mutant of Universal Shaping. Her face may not be seen. She does not talk to space. **She sings.**

LACTUCA VOTED FOR PEACE.



ORORO OF THE STORM SITS IN THE SEAT OF ALL-AROUND-US.

Ororo was not of Arakko, but made a new sky for Arakko to stand strong beneath. Ororo was not of the Great Ring, but claimed the noontide seat of the Regent, with its second vote, and held it against all who'd stand against her. **Arakko sees her -- and she has a place in the broken land.**

ORORO VOTED FOR PEACE.

SOBUNAR SITS IN THE SEAT OF BELOW-US.

Son of Sobunar, daughter of Sobunar. Sobunar is the first of his line in thousands of years to free the ocean within and know the pulse of a world. **He feels the tide of change in his veins and will not turn back to old shores.**

SOBUNAR VOTED FOR PEACE.

ORA SERRATA SITS IN THE SEAT OF LAW.

The secrets of Ora Serrata are not ours to tell.

ORA SERRATA VOTED FOR WAR IN ABSENTIA.

XILO SITS IN THE SEAT OF HISTORY.

First Defender of the Broken Land, Xilo is a mutant in the form of an insect collective. The collective has persisted for thousands of years, gone through many changes and had many names, but the history they keep remains...**and they remain the First Defender.**

XILO VOTED FOR WAR.

LODUS LOGOS SITS IN THE SEAT OF DREAMS.

Lodus Logos speaks in metal. Lodus Logos speaks in song. Lodus Logos' time is coming. **Lodus Logos has not long.**

LODUS LOGOS VOTED FOR PEACE.

**WITH THE VOTE TIED, ORORO OF THE STORM
USED HER SECOND VOTE FOR PEACE.**

THE VOTE GOES TO PEACE.

The opinion of the Night Seats is unrecorded.

THE GREAT RING.
NOW.

Another session on the
Table Day's business. The
dry, dusty business
of peacetime...

Is this
the paradise you
wanted, wind-walker?
A paradise of
paperwork?

If it's
battle you crave,
Isca, then Redroot
still languishes in
Otherworld...

Redroot
made her bed. That
was the law of *Genesis*--
any taken alive must free
themselves to redeem
themselves.

My sister
understood strength.
I should have gone with
her when she returned
to Amenth to face
the demons...

It was your
abstention that
allowed me to decide the
issue--by Arakko's own law.
Just as you abstained on
relocating Arakko to this
planet--a similar tie,
as I remember.

Had you
chosen to vote
on either of
those...

My
mutant weapon
is *not to lose*. If I
voted, the vote would
always go my way--and I
prefer to keep that
powder dry.

No, the
responsibility for this
lies with you, Ororo of
the Storm. You brought us
to this new world. You
brought us to this era
of *peace*--and all it
may bring.

You are the
Regent.

This
is your planet.

We're
just the
people who
live here.





When Krakoa colonized Mars---

I'll stop you there. Krakoa never colonized anything, Brand.

This wasn't someone's land-- it was *dead rock*, until we gave it a chance to live and thrive.

What Krakoa did here was *resurrection*.



When Krakoa *appropriated* Mars, it was a solution to a *problem*.

What to do with an island full of *violent morons* who live to cause *trouble*.

A few groups of roaming *bandits* don't represent an entire *society*--



Roaming bandits with *high-level mutant powers*. That represents a *danger*.

I've got the *Head of the Great Ring* quoted on file, saying Krakoa should have *conquered the Earth*...



I'm a little tired of all Isca's *big talk*, Abigail.

She fought *against* Arakko, all through the war--why is she treated as the voice of the people now?

Why are you, Voice of Sol?



The point is-- Arakko needs a *controlling influence*.

And I think that's a job for the *X-Men*.



Excuse me?

Cultural ambassadors, setting a good example--isn't that what the X-Men have always been? Isn't that what they are now?

I'm proposing an *X-Men of Mars*, along those lines. You'd be the leader, of course...



No. I don't think so.

Find someone else.

Think it over, at least. After all, it's what you're already doing, isn't it?



Taking a position of power... imposing your will, deciding what's right and wrong for this culture...

That's what a queen does, Storm. That's what a queen is.



That's what you are...

...your majesty.



Is that what you see?

A throne. A crown.

Is that all that's left?



THE DAY
PASSES.

Well. Not
a bad *castle*
you've built,
Max.

Maybe
a little
austere...

I'm
the master of
magnetism, not the
master of *carpeting*.
I'll work on the
decorations in
due course.

Unless you have the power
to conjure *scatter cushions*
from the air? We could make
it a *challenge*--who can
create the softest
furnishings...?

Ha!
You'll be an
Arakkii yet,
Max.

That's
a nice open
door.

If I'm to
have guests, I
should learn their
names. I've been
rude.

Not really.
My name's *long*
gone, you see.
Most call me the
Fisher King.

We should
roast *this* one
before he gets
much older...

The *Fisher King*?
I'll have to tell
Elizabeth Braddock
when I see her.

And your
power is...what?
Mental command of
marine life? *Psychic*
nets?

You mean
my *mutant*
weapon?

Funny
thing.

Never
had one.



You're human?



Of course not. Humans are from Earth.

I was born in the prisons.

But--you live among the Arakkii? Without powers?



It's not powers that make Arakkii.

I was born in the prisons. I grew up tortured by the vile.

My own daughter took their bribes...but I fought...



...it was war, and I fought. I was there.

But I see you, my friend. You've a place in the broken land.

You were somewhere too.

Yes.



But it's not something I care to--

Eh?

Wow. The acoustics here are fantastic.

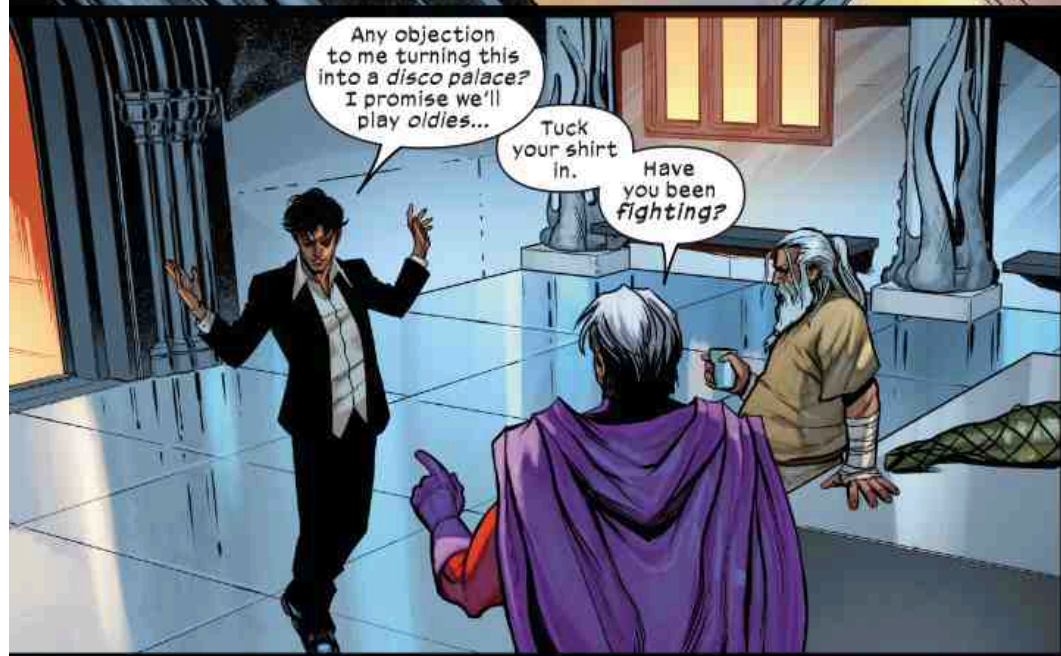


Could use
a few scatter
cushions,
maybe.

Sunspot?

How did
you even know
I was out
here...?

Ways and
means, Erik.
Eyes and ears on
the comings
and goings.



Any objection
to me turning this
into a disco palace?
I promise we'll
play oldies...

Tuck
your shirt
in.

Have
you been
fighting?



Not
well enough,
Headmaster. In
the Danger Room,
I'd score a D-
at best.

On that
note, I've got a
proposition...



Wait, wait. You're Max
and you're Magneto and
you're Erik and you're
Headmaster?

How many
names do you
have...?

Too
many.



I don't know
what you want,
Roberto--but I fear
I'm no longer the
man you need.

I'm
done building
utopias.



Is that
so?

Then
you're *exactly*
the man I
need.



Abigail Brand is up to something. She always was, if you were looking-- I do more looking than people think--but now she's being more open.

She's got a plan for Arakko...a utopia to build...

...and Arakko has no say in it.

I've been there before too. Won't end well.



Right. So Mars needs X-Men, Headmaster.

Are you two in?

I'm in.



In fact, I was coming here to suggest something similar...but not the X-Men.

This is not Mars. This is Arakko. To defend it, we must be of Arakko.



Brand is the one looking for X-Men. And she'll find them.

So Arakko needs to balance that.



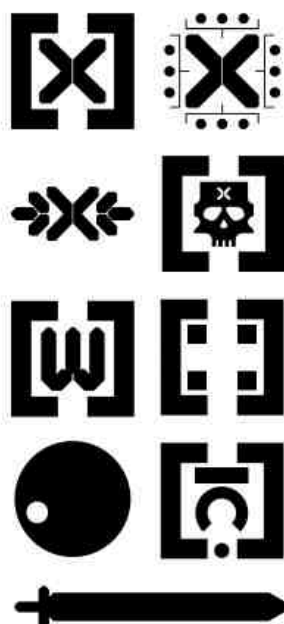
... Then what is the balance?

Who defends the broken land?



[x-men_red_[0.1]
[x-men_red_[0.1]

ic: NEXT



ISSUE:

X-Force #27

➤ X-Men Red #1

Knights of X #1

Sabretooth #3

X-Men #10

Legion of X #1

New Mutants #25

Wolverine #20

Giant-Size X-Men: Thunderbird #1

Immortal X-Men #2

Marauders #2

X-Men Red #2

[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]

[00_x-men_red __.01]

